

## Norfolk Va. Convention.

FROM THE NORFOLK HERALD.  
HARRISON AND REFORM.

A Convention of the friends of Wm. H. Harrison, the Democratic Reform Candidate for President of the United States, was held in the Town of Portsmouth, on Thursday, the 10th September, 1840.

The Convention being assembled in the depot building of the Portsmouth and Norfolk Railroad Company, was called to order at 1 o'clock, by Capt. Samuel W. Wainwright, Chief Marshal of the day, at whose request the proceedings of the day were opened by an eloquent and impressive appeal to the Throne of Grace by the Rev. Mr. Erskine of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Chief Marshal then nominated the Hon. Thos. Newton, the Jeffersonian Democrat of 1840, who from that year to 1833, when he withdrew, had been the uninterrupted representative of the district, to preside over the deliberations of the Convention, which nomination was unanimously accepted with cheers.

A committee was appointed to conduct the President to the Chair, and being in his place, Mr. Newton rose and made his acknowledgments to the Convention for the high honor they had conferred on him, and continued to address them for some time.

The Chief Marshal next nominated seven Vice Presidents, three Secretaries, and in accordance with a resolution passed, appointed a Committee of fourteen to prepare and report an address, setting forth the views and opinions of the Convention in relation to the pending contest for the next Presidency of the United States, &c.

The Convention then took a recess until half past four o'clock, and at that hour convened in the same place, when they were addressed by the Hon. Henry A. Wise, on the subject of our national affairs, until 8 o'clock, when the Convention adjourned to meet next day in the Log Cabin.

Friday, September 11.  
The Convention met at the Log Cabin in the Borough of Norfolk, at one o'clock, and were called to order by the President.

The following resolution, offered by Joseph H. Robertson, Esq., was unanimously adopted, with cheers:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention be due, and are herewith presented to John W. Mordaugh, Esq., the Whig Elector for this District, for his untiring efforts in defending and maintaining the name of the People; and the Convention confidently rely upon his continued exertions to promote that holy cause.

J. W. Mordaugh, Esq., then introduced to the Convention Edward A. Lynch, of Maryland, who addressed the Convention in a speech on the political state of the country. When he concluded,

Mr. Mordaugh again rose, and after a short preface, addressed the Convention, who, on account of their participation in the glorious cause of the Revolution, were especially entitled to the respect and veneration of this Convention. He introduced Sir Capt. Wm. Stark, aged 84, who had borne a manly part in the hard fought field of Brandywine; then Col. Stephen Wright, and lastly, Mr. David Wright, who had borne arms honorably in their country's cause—the former at York Town, the latter at Stony Point. They were each in turn greeted with loud acclamations of applause.

Mr. Mordaugh also introduced to the Convention Capt. John Johnston, from Norfolk county, a native of Erin's Green Isle, who, at the age of 36, still feels the influence of freedom, and hopes to be spared to manifest his gratitude, by his vote to the man who opened the way to the emigrant to a dwelling place in our Western paradise—William Henry Harrison.

The President then introduced Joseph Segur, Esq., who addressed the Convention till 3 o'clock, when the Convention took a recess of two hours.

At 5 o'clock, the Convention re-assembled at the Log Cabin, and were addressed by the Hon. Henry A. Wise until near sun set, when the Convention adjourned to meet at 7 o'clock.

### EVENING SESSION.

The Convention met in the Log Cabin at seven o'clock, when the committee appointed for that purpose the day before, reported by their Chairman, Dr. F. Mallory, an Address to the People of the District, which was unanimously adopted.

The following resolutions were then offered by John H. Butler, Esq., and unanimously adopted: Resolved, That the President of the Tippecanoe Club of Norfolk Borough be and is to appoint a Committee of three to meet other Committees from the various Districts of the State of Virginia, at Williamsburg, on the 30th instant, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Grand Encampment to be held at York Town on the 15th October next.

Resolved, that this Convention recommend to the Electors and Tippecanoe Clubs of the State of Virginia to exert their influence and adopt such measures as to insure a full attendance on that occasion.

Messrs. Wise, Mallory, Mordaugh and Segur addressed the Convention, and then, on motion, the Convention adjourned sine die.

THOS. NEWTON, President.  
THOS. C. HARRISON, Secretary.  
JOHN T. HILL, Secretary.

## THE CONVENTION IN NORFOLK

At the close of the proceedings in Portsmouth on Thursday evening, the aspect of a weather threatened a rainy day for the continuance of its proceedings in the Borough; but after a midnight rain during the night, to lay the dust and cool the heat, which was oppressive during the previous day, we were blessed with one of the finest days that ever shone out at the heavens, the brightness and beauty of which lent its influence to heighten the joy and animation, which spoke in every eye, of the dense multitudes which thronged our streets and gathered around the forum.

The hour ten to eleven was occupied with the formation of the procession, as the different delegations came up. The procession was formed on Main street, four and five abreast, and extended from the Log Cabin (near the Exchange) to the Court House, from which fact we infer the estimate of its numbers to be correctly stated at upwards of 15,000, being perhaps a larger number than was in the procession of the previous day. At 11 o'clock, it moved on according to the programme; at its head was seen the banner of the Norfolk Borough delegation, with its motto as "a sign of the short reign of Loco-Focoism." Many led up the street, followed which were between 300 and 400 Whigs of the Borough; then came the delegations of Portsmouth and Norfolk County with their banners—old St. Bridos with her sturdy men, many bringing up their rear, preceded by a Log Cabin drawn by a "white team," and a banner with the inscription, "St. Bride's comes!" Next in order was Princess Anne, with a strong delegation, preceded by a Log Cabin, and followed by a Barge decorated with flags, and bearing

the inscriptions "Harrison and Reform" and "Semper paratus." Then came the good men and true from Elizabeth City, and a small but precious band of patriots from Isle of Wight. And lastly the delegation of good old Whig Nanamouth, ever true to her Republican principles.

In the line of the procession was a beautiful "white canoe," 30 feet long mounted on wheels and drawn by a pair of white horses. It was captured from the Seminole Indians by Lieut. McLaughlin of the Navy, and on this occasion was used to convey in the procession the venerable soldiers of the Revolution and others of our aged citizens.

### THE FORUM.

The procession having performed its circuit, (ever and anon huzzing to the bright eyes and fair hands, and white handkerchiefs of the fair Whigs who presented themselves at their doors and windows, as the procession passed them,) was dismissed on its return to the Log Cabin, and the Officers of the Convention, invited guests, &c., took their stations on the forum erected over the north entrance of the Cabin, in front of which was congregated the largest multitude we have ever seen in our Borough. The scene as it was viewed from the elevated position of the forum was peculiarly striking, there was a moral beauty and grandeur in it, which filled the beholder with admiration and delight. While the street in front exhibited a dense, and at the same time most orderly and attentively multitude of the people, the side walks beyond them—the steps—the patches—every door—every window of the four large 3 story dwelling houses on the opposite side of the street, were all alive with the eloquent graces and attractions of the lovely sex, which gave a certain dignity and beauty to the whole scene, and consecrated the proceedings of the day.

The address of Mr. Lynch of Maryland, (referred to in the official proceedings) was one of the most splendid bursts of eloquence to which we have ever listened. He reviewed all the leading measures—the policy, the misdeeds, the corruptions and delinquencies of Martin Van Buren and his Administration, in a masterly style and in excellent taste—even his political opponents accorded him a merit for this, while he shew them right and left. His smiles were strikingly happy and chaste, and his flights of eloquence at times absolutely thrilling. He took occasion to commend the Loco Foco ladies, (in such high favor with Mr. Van Buren) to pronounce one of the most exalted and beautiful eulogues on the female character and its attributes, which has ever been conceived. But his peroration, in which he described the majestic flight of the Guardian Angel of Liberty, over the States, as they have successively rallied to the rescue of the Constitution and the pure principles of the Republic, surpassed anything we have ever heard, for boldness of fancy and grandeur of elevation. We shall attempt a report of these eloquent passages in his address, but without the hope of conveying to the reader any thing comparable to the original.

After alluding to the disorganizing and anti-social doctrines of modern Democracy, as revealed by Mr. Brownson, particularly the assault upon Christianity and the nuptial, Mr. L. exclaimed: Can it therefore be wonderful, that the ladies are for us? and that amid this array of banners we behold around us this blaze of beauty, and this waving of "kerchiefs, and waving of scarfs? Are we the degenerate sons of our chivalrous forefathers, that we should flatter in the cause of our wives, our sisters, our mothers, our daughters? Woman, lovely woman! well may she tremble at these assaults upon the fair fabric of christianity; for it is to the mild and ennobling influence of christianity that she owes all her ascendancy, all her excellence, all her dignity. Before the days of the redemption of man, she had become the mere instrument of his pleasures, the mere bearer of his burdens. But from the time that the Redeemer condescended to be born of woman, she seemed to borrow a ray of his divinity, and became the radiant link that binds us to angelic excellence and celestial orders. Beyond the pale of christianity she is still the doomed and degraded servant of man's brutal will; but wherever a twinkle of the beam of the star of Bethlehem is found, she walks proudly forth in the sublime purity of her exalted character. Woman, woman! fond, devoted woman! In the hour of prosperity her smile redoubles our bliss—in the hour of adversity a ministering angel she—in the chamber of affliction she smooths the pillow of expiring nature—aye, and when the manly trunk is riven and shattered by the storms and tempests of life, she throws around it the silken cords of her affection, and like a beautiful luxuriant vine, she clings to it by a thousand delicate tendrils, and clusters around it with all her verdant foliage, as if she sought to hide from the scorn and contumely of an unfeeling world, the ruin which bows her down and crushes her in the remorseless dust. Such is woman. Is there among you a man born, the son of his mother, whose spirit does not exult within him as he strikes in such a cause?

But more breaketh in the East; and that Eagle upon your banner, which WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON has so often borne to victory, and whose gaze has been gladdened by the stars which have been lit up around him, will spring with the first rays of the morning from the green hills of Vermont; and wheeling onward and up wards in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, will reach the first triumphant shout of victory from the Citadel of Liberty in Old Massachusetts; and ere they have died away upon her exulting senses, she will be startled with the dissonant voice of the Empire State, which louder than the preceding tumult and terrors of her contract, will shake the frail foundations of the Union. And with redoubled vigour in her wing, and heaven vengeance in her eye, she will catch up and lead onward the retrograde outcry of the Jerseys, with her smitten star rekindling on the plains of Trenton and Princeton; and passing herself for a moment, even toward and toward rocked, over the land of the Carrolls, the Pinkneys, the Howards—my own adopted land—good old Maryland—unmistakable and unshaken—flourishing on the banner of defiance under the very walls of the palace, at a time when State after State had been trampled beneath the iron heel of the man of the iron hand and of the iron will—she will wing her flight until the voice we have heard here today in the Old Dominion, the mother of States, the birthplace of State Rights, the citadel of Liberty, shall be swollen with the exultations of the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry, proclaiming again, as of old, in the days of our Whig ancestors on the plains of York Town, THE CROWN ING VICTORY. When that voice, that fit emblem of your aspiring spirit, shall be carrying on her way, and with one voice, awaken the Old North, like another Rip Van Winkle, from her slumbers, and joining her rallied plumes for a season, and dropping in the land of the Palmetto for the departed chivalry of her sons—she will speed onward again through the savannahs of regenerated Georgia;—and then, far away westward, through the land of the dark and bloody ground, and among the Buck eyes and Hoosiers, she will rock and exult amid

the tropical thunders of the South; and from the field of her fame at Orleans, she will come on the wings of the winds, the harbinger and herald of glorious victory, to the dome of your Capitol, to take her customary place amid the stars and stripes upon your flag, floating wildly to the breeze, with no such miserable motto as, "to the victor belong the spoils,"—but brightly emblazoned on its folds, amid the earthquake voice of victory, those other words of goodly auspice, "HARRISON AND REFORM—THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—GOD, THE LORD GOD, AND OUR COMMON COUNTRY!"

An admirable effect was produced by John W. Mordaugh, Esq., in introducing to the vast assemblage the aged veterans—the remnants of the glorious army of martyrs in the cause of Liberty. Instantly the memorable victories to which they contributed—of Brandywine—of Stony Point—and of York Town, he said with a soul of indignation and contempt, "And yet, my fellow citizens, these men are denounced by base fellows and panders of power, as 'British Whigs.'—The effect was electric; and loud and reiterated cheers bespoke the grateful feelings of all present, at the recognition of the venerable patriots, and their deep and glowing disgust for the wretch who could utter the false, foul and infamous accusation.

Joseph Segur, Esq., occupied the remainder of the time till the recess, in a most powerful speech. The able assistance of this gentleman in the Whig victory, deserves the plaudits of every friend to the good cause.

In the afternoon, the meeting re-assembled in increased force, to hear the chivalrous Wise, whose powers are those of no ordinary man; but it was with infinite regret, that we are deprived of the pleasure of realizing our full expectations on account of a sudden indisposition which came over him in the midst of his speech, which he was therefore compelled to bring to a premature conclusion. In the commencement he took occasion to compliment, in a beautiful manner the Ladies, who, as in the forenoon, filled the fronts of the dwellings on the opposite side of the street; and in doing so, he took occasion to correct a gross misrepresentation of certain Loco Focos, of an expression he had used in Portsmouth, the preceding evening, that he had yet to be introduced to a Loco Foco lady—an expression which they had tortured to convey the idea, that no female who belonged to the opposite party, could be a lady—which he pronounced to be a base perversion of his expression.

Indeed, it will be readily admitted, that having described the monster Loco Focoism in the hideous and disgusting form in which it stalked forth from the brains of British radicals, infidels, agrarians, Mr. Wise would have paid a poor compliment to any portion of his fair countrywomen to have admitted that ladies, other than such as belonged to the Fanny Wright school, (as they deserve the title) could be Loco Focos. That there are ladies—ladies who are not Whigs, or, if you please, who prefer Mr. Van Buren to Gen. Harrison, is what no man who has either brains or liberality will accuse Mr. Wise of having denied. In the Log Cabin, in the evening there was another intellectual banquet, when Mr. Wise recovered from his temporary indisposition, was himself again. But we must reserve him for a fresh discussion of our narrative.

### THE PROPOSED CONVENTION AT YORK TOWN.

If the light of Reason and of Revelation had not dispelled those beautiful fictions of the ancients that represent the virtues in the enjoyment of an actual existence as deities, who preside over and direct the destinies of the human race, we could readily believe that the goddess of Liberty had selected and inspired the gallant Wise for her advocate and champion in this her chosen land, at a time when aristocracy and power are attempting to snatch away the birth-right of her sons; so difficult do we find it to realize the fact; so tremendous energy as he possesses, looking neither to the right nor left, but marching straight forward up to its object, can be the offspring of mere human genius. With the sole purpose before him of purifying the Government from the corrupt and confusion that have crept into it, he has buckled on his armor to fight the good fight, never to be put aside until the Republic is restored and Van Burenism laid in its grave. Unconquered and unconquerable, he deals his blows with a might and effect that reminds one of the black knight in Ivanhoe, breaking down with his ponderous battle-axe, the strong gates of Font de Boeuf's castle, his friends looking on with wonder and admiration, and his enemies with fear and trembling. Often has the electric influence of his eloquence been felt in the legislative hall and in the popular assembly, but never did the genius of the Orator shine out with greater brilliancy than in the brief but thrilling address delivered in our Log Cabin on Friday night. He arose to sustain a motion for the appointment of a Committee to meet Committees from other parts of the state, and make arrangements for a great Whig Encampment at York Town on the 15th of October. We should be glad to present those who were so unfortunate as not to hear him, with an accurate transcript of his remarks, though even then it would be impossible to impart any idea of the look, the tone, the gesture, which accompanied them. Much, however, of what he said, it would be impossible to forget;—and, although his words have vanished, we shall endeavor to give the substance of them.

He commenced by noticing a striking trait in the proceedings of the opposition during the present campaign, closely analogous to one in the great whig party at the commencement of the revolution, viz: the large gathering of the people to consult together about what was best to be done for the public weal. He shewed that those meetings resulted now from the same oppression and usurpation that existed then—though a different remedy could now be resorted to. Then the appeal was to "Arms"—now, to the Ballot Box. He spoke of this contest as one between a Democracy on one side, and a Republic on the other; and as a last struggle of the People against Power, and declared that if the hope of a speedy regeneration should fail him; if there was to be nothing left of our free Government but a brief dream of unremitting glory; if Martin Van Buren was to be re-elected, and to appoint Benton his successor, or Kendall or Buchanan, or Calhoun, (No Calhoun, never!) He is the dupp of Van Buren, he is the victim of Benton, and will never reach the station to which he aspires. Employed by them until he serves their purpose, when no longer useful, he will be cast aside like a worn out tool; if, he said, such a state of things is to come to pass, he, for one, would retire to the peaceful shades of Acadia, where, at least he might be sure to breathe a whig atmosphere, and have republicans around him. (While naming the above men as successors to Van Buren in case of his re-election, Mr. Wise's countenance and tone took an expression of the deepest disgust, and loud cries of "never!" resounded from all parts of the excited multitude.) There will I remain, he continued, a despairing and restless spectator, until tyrant

has reached its climax, and the appeal once more is made to arms. But let us not indulge this gloomy anticipation. Relief is at hand, and the patriotism of the People begins to spurn its base oppressors. The harvest is white and the laborers are many. They will be cut down as wheat before the sickle, and men will exclaim, where are they?

He then alluded to the charge against us of Federalism, which charge, he said, meets the lie in the city of Williamsburg, where the ball of the Revolution received its first impulse, and where still stands the "old Raleigh," whose walls have echoed with the thunders hurled against the British throne by the Henrys, the Jeffersons, the Randolphs, and the Harrisons of old. In that city could Federalism have an abiding place! And yet, among all the freemen there who exercise the right of suffrage, there is ONE supporter of Mr. Van Buren! He next spoke of Yorktown, at which place it is proposed to hold the Convention, as the scene of the final Revolutionary struggle, where our independence was secured, and therefore an appropriate place for the final effort of the Whigs previous to the restoration of independence in November. It is holy ground, said he; every inch of it has drunk the blood of heroes and been a soldier's sepulchre. There is the redoubt, reared by Lafayette, the warrior apostle of Liberty; there is the earth that was pressed by the foot of Washington; there the British armies laid down their arms, and bound themselves never again to bear them in such unholily cause; and there the proud Cornwallis unbelted his sword and yielded it up to Washington. Come all of you, he exclaimed in conclusion; but remember, you approach a consecrated spot.—Come with pure, unthought, unselfish hearts; come with the most sincere intentions; with no ulterior views, or the genius of the place will cry out against you, and will force you back. Old York, terrible of old to her country's foes, will not now open her arms to receive any but its real friends.

Such is but a very faint sketch of what he said; and under the excitement which he had raised—and which in many will continue, the motion was put and adopted with loud and long acclamations.

### JOHN HANCOCK.

BY E. S. THOMAS.

The memory of this great patriot, statesman, and orator, has been most grossly neglected; while hundreds, whose services in the cause of independence were not a tyne of his, have been eulogized to the skies, and live on canvases and in marble. This great patriot's name but seldom finds a place, even when celebrating that freedom he was among the very first, if not the first, to risk his life in obtaining. I have for years noticed this neglect with feelings of unfeigned regret. Never was a man more beloved by any people than Hancock was by the people of Massachusetts. With the exception of a single year, when Bowdoin was put in, he was, for sixteen successive years, elected their governor, and closed his patriotic and illustrious life in that high station. Hundreds of times have I seen him, when so worn out and crippled by disease that he could not stand, taken from his carriage into the arms of two faithful servants, (who regularly attended for the purpose), and carried to the council chamber, a distance of nearly fifty yards from the street. The last time he addressed his fellow-citizens was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed. A town meeting was called upon a question of great excitement. Old Faneuil Hall could not contain the people, and an adjournment took place to the Old South Meeting-House; Hancock was brought in and carried up to the front gallery, where the Hon. Benjamin Austin supported him on the right, and the celebrated Dr. Charles Jarvis upon the left, while he addressed the multitude. The Governor commenced by stating to his fellow-citizens that "he felt" it was the last time he should address them, that "the seeds of mortality are growing fast within him." The fall of a pin might have been heard, such a death-like silence pervaded the listening crowd during the whole of his animated and soul stirring speech, while tears ran down the cheeks of thousands. The meeting ended, he was conveyed to his carriage and taken home, but never again appeared in public; his death followed soon after. The corpse was embowelled and kept for eight days, to give an opportunity to the citizens from the distant parts of the State to render the last tribute of respect to his memory. They came by thousands and tens of thousands; the procession was an hour and a half in passing. The post of honor among the military was given to the Concord Light Infantry, under Captain Davis, the same unit commanded them on the ever-memorable nineteenth of April '75. It was the most solemn and interesting, and incomparably the longest funeral procession I ever saw. Samuel Adams, who was lieutenant-governor, became governor ex-officio by the death of Hancock, and followed the bier, (there were no horses with noddling plumes in those days,) as chief mourner, but the venerable patriot could not endure the fatigue, and was compelled to retire from the procession.

Hancock, before the Revolution, was a man of vast fortune, and though he permitted it to flow in the cause of his country, like water, he had still enough left to support a splendid establishment and lived and entertained like a prince. His generosity was unbounded. I well remember that one evening in each week during summer a full band of music, at his own expense, attended in front of his venerable stone mansion, to entertain the citizens who were promading on the mall. He seldom left Boston to visit at any distance, but when he did he was escorted by a volunteer troop of cavalry, who held themselves in readiness for that purpose. He was very fond of joke and repartee, so much so that he was called the "laughing Scudmore Balch, Esq.," a name, who never failed to appear among the invited guests at his hospitable board, obtained the unenvied appellation of "the Governor's Jester." The celebrated Bristol, in his travels to the United States, speaks of his meeting this gentleman at Hancock's table; and such was the mutual attachment between the Governor and Mr. Balch, that if the former was called away, no matter what distance, Scudmore Balch attended him like his shadow, which the following circumstance most happily illustrates: Governor Hancock was called on a visit to the then province of Maine, on which occasion he travelled in state, and was attended by the Hon. Col. Orne, one of the Executive Council, and Nathaniel Balch, Esq. Their arrival at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was thus humorously announced: "On Thursday last, arrived in this town, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., accompanied by His Excellency John Hancock, and the Hon. Asst. Orne, Esq."

The events of by-gone days have been brought to my recollection by the following short paragraph from the N. Y. Evening Star:

Valuable relic.—We have and left for us at our office, for inspection, the original commission appointing John Hancock first (or General of the Massachusetts Colony. It is dated May 30, 1770.

### LOOK AHEAD.

PEOPLE OF AMERICA, LOOK AHEAD! Seek counsel of the future, and not for the good of yourselves, your children and your country. If you re-elect Martin Van Buren to the Presidency, what do you gain by it? Will he promote any of the great interests upon the success of which the prosperity of the country depends? PLANTERS AND FARMERS, LOOK AHEAD! Think you that the policy pursued by Mr. Van Buren, if persevered in, will tend to furnish the cultivators of the soil a just reward for their untiring labors. Is it to promote your interests that the price of cotton, tobacco, wheat, flour and wool is so reduced to one-half of what it was two years ago? Will it benefit you to reduce the prices of what you sell to the standard of prices which prevail in "hard-money Governments?" LABORERS, WORKINGMEN LOOK AHEAD! Can you gain by the re-election of Martin Van Buren? His doctrine, as put forth and enforced by his party friends, is, that wages in this country are too high, that laborers are too well paid, that pri-

ces should be reduced to an equality with prices in those countries where, by hard labor, men earn from five to eight pence a day. American freemen, if this be your belief, vote to continue power in the hands of the present Executive.

### MECHANICS, LOOK AHEAD!

If power be continued in the hands that now wield it, what are your prospects? With a devalued currency, prostrate credit, and a wreck of all lawful enterprise, will the promulgation of an edict for the "collection, safe keeping, and disbursement of the public moneys" call forth the busy hum of industry in our streets, or bring into action the dormant energies of the American artisan?

The great truth evolved by Mr. Van Buren in the course of four years' administration is, that "the people expect too much of the Government;" and the great measure he has proposed to meet the exigency of embarrassment into which the people have fallen is, to collect, and after his own manner to keep and pay away their money. Verily, he has taught them that they have not much to expect from him.

### MERCHANTS & TRADERS, LOOK AHEAD!

And if you trade on borrowed capital, beware! Mr. Van Buren follows in the footsteps of him who declared that all such ought to break. In submitting himself as a candidate for re-election, Mr. Van Buren specially demands the judgment of the country upon his past measures and course of policy. If these, affecting your interests, have been wise and proper, give him the countenance of your names and the weight of your influence.

### MEN OF BUSINESS, IN EVERY DEPARTMENT, LOOK AHEAD!

What will be your prospects if the present incumbent be re-elected? Examine the past; reflect. In 1837, when Gen. Jackson surrendered the Government into the hands of his successor, he declared the country to be prosperous and happy. He had, indeed, planted the seeds of that bitter fruit we are now reaping, but it was reserved for him who followed to water and nurture the plant. The country was free from debt, business was active, and a general prosperity was admitted to prevail. How is it now? The Government are millions in debt. They denounce paper money and satisfy their creditors with Treasury notes. Property of every description is depreciated, industry paralyzed, and business at a stand.

These results grow out of the measures of the Government, and they are but the first fruits of that policy which Mr. Van Buren is pledged to carry out.

### MEN OF BUSINESS, FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, LOOK AHEAD!

And consider seriously the interests which are involved in the event of the contest which is now in progress, and ask yourselves whether they can be promoted by the re-election of Martin Van Buren?

From the Columbia Patriot.

### A CARD.

In the daily Argus of the 19th inst. a villain of the darkest hue, who signs himself "Homo," and who purports to write from Boone County, this state (Mo.) and with no other view than to give an account of a Democratic meeting recently held in that county, without the slightest provocation on my part, digresses from his avowed object, and makes a wanton and fiendlike attack upon my personal character.

I know not! I have not, the most remote idea who can be the ruthless, dastardly wretch, under a cover that he doubtless expected to be impenetrable, would thus defame without provocation my private character;—I am perhaps degrading myself by extending to so great a brute and ruffian even this description of notice.—But it may be expected, and I am always reluctant to disappoint public expectation. I denounce the monster who ever he may be that signs himself "Homo," a heartless robber of private character, a cruel, cowardly, base assassin, that will stab only in the dark;—If however he will unveil himself, and show a character entitled to the mere courtesies of decent men and will accuse me of doing him injustice, I will then so far qualify my contempt for his assassin like attack upon me as to afford to him and the world an opportunity of deciding to whom the charge of cowardice belongs.

WM. HENRY RUSSELL.

Fulton, Calloway County, Mo. }  
September 24th 1840. }  
HISTORY OF MY CONDUCT IN FLORIDA.

My health became very feeble shortly after my arrival in Florida, and whilst we lay at Tampa Bay. I, however, at the head of my single Company, reduced down to 35 men from 72, followed the army that had preceded me a few days into the Indian country, and overtook it at Fort Gardner about 80 miles. We remained at this fort (Fort Gardner) about three weeks, my health all the time very feeble, and was frequently desired by Dr. Hannah, the Surgeon of our Regt. (now a Physician of this place) and most of the officers and men to return to Tampa, where I could receive something like attention.

I positively refused leaving the army, whilst there appeared the least probability of active service, but the celebrated Chief, Juniper, and others, coming in with such professions of peace, and that we all entertained the opinions that the War was at an end, and Colonel Taylor, the commandant, actually issued an order to the Volunteers to return to Tampa by a circuitous route, then and there for the first time did I agree to return by the direct route, which I did, in company with Mr. N. D. Broadly, the commissary of the Regt. who was also sick, and a single man to attend us.—My leaving the army was more than 10 days before the battle, and several days before Col. Taylor, upon the receipt of fresh information from Gen. Jessup, countermanded the orders that he had issued to Col. Gentry to return to Tampa.

On my arrival at Tampa, my health growing worse, by the advice of Doctor Wood, U. S. Surgeon, I took a short sea voyage, and was at sea when the battle was fought.

When I returned from sea and heard of the battle, contrary to the express orders of Gen. Armstrong, with a single individual, the Rev. Samuel D. Gilbert, now of this county, I mounted my horse and rode to rejoin the army, and rode the same night above forty miles, the distance between two posts established by Col. Taylor in the Indian country. The next day I fortunately met the Volunteers returning to recruit, &c.

When we had recruited, with about sixty of the Mo. Volunteers, (the balance of the Regiment being discharged and returned home,) I again re-united myself to the army, and was incorporated into the Dragoon Corps, under the command of Majors Riley and Grayham, and continued with Col. Taylor in pursuit of scattered Indians to the termination of the last Campaign that season. Before leaving Florida, every member of my company, not one dissenting, by resolutions adopted and now in my possession, contributed and bought me an elegant sword. The necessity that exists of furnishing the worthy "Mr. Homo," with something like a pretext for the complimentary notice that he has taken of me, will, I trust, be my apology for the egotism contained in the foregoing explanation.

WM. HENRY RUSSELL.

### GENERAL HARRISON'S CAPACITY.

Is there any honest searcher after truth, who, deceived by the bold and unsubstantiated assertions of the Administration press, doubts as to the soundness of General Harrison's mind, or the correctness of his views, let him be answered by the HUNDRED THOUSAND citizens who have so recently listened to the outpourings of his vigorous intellect in the valley of the Miami. How will the base slanders of these venal organs, reiterated, as they are through the entire length of the pensioned chain, now sound in the ears of that vast and enlightened multitude of freemen? Will not their testimony, fresh from the latest scene of his glorious achievement, confound the reckless propagators of the reckless charge? We blush for a cause which rests its strength in such unworthy inventions. We blush that the energies of the press, so potential for good or evil, should be wielded by minds degenerate enough to attempt, for mere party purposes, the destruction of a reputation which sheds a glory on the early history of our republic. Would they not be more profitably employed in expounding the merits of Martin Van Buren! On this subject the people require more light than they have. General Harrison stands in the midst of a hundred of his fellow citizens, and throws open to them the treasures of his mind and the benefits of his experience. Where is Martin Van Buren? Buried in the woods, concealing, with Kendall and Blair, the dark schemes by which he hopes to secure his reelection, penning letters which discourse only evasion and subterfuge, and sacrificing all public interests on the altar of his personal ambition. Let his admirers direct the people to a single page of his history which contains the record of a noble service. The poverty of his life can supply none such. We will not, however, in the case of General Harrison, it would be to attempt a parallel between Cincinnati and Catalina.—Madisonian.

### NAMES.

Of all the epithets applied in this country to a political party that of *British Whigs* is perhaps the most ridiculous. But if the Van Buren party persist in the attempt to stigmatize the Opposition by such a term, why they must of course receive its opposite. If there be a British Whig party in this country, there must also be a *British Tory* party. *Tory* is the opposite of *Whig*. The use of one term supposes the existence of the other. If we are British Whigs, our opponents are British Tories, and if they desire that distinction, let them have the benefit of it.

Equally false and inappropriate is the term *Federalist* when applied to the Opposition. A *Federalist* was known to the fathers of the new government. He was apprehensive, honestly, that the experiment of self-government required strong guards in the outset. The experiment had never been tried. But when it was tried, and the system was found to work well, the old Federal party were formally disbanded. They were satisfied with the result of the experiment, and determined to support in good faith the Constitution of the United States. The worst and factious portion of them floated wherever time or interest served them.—We, therefore, now find the worst portion of the old Federalists in league with Van Buren. We have before named some fifty of his prominent supporters, who are of that character. Mr. Van Buren's love of power and dictation, his series of measures all tending to strengthen his own position, and to enlarge his sphere of action at the expense of a curtailment of the power and liberty of other branches of the government, are exactly suited to the temper and tastes of the Federalists in his train. John Adams' alien and sedition law was not a Federalist compromise with that portion of the old Federalists in league with Van Buren. We have before named some fifty of his prominent supporters, who are of that character. Mr. Van Buren's love of power and dictation, his series of measures all tending to strengthen his own position, and to enlarge his sphere of action at the expense of a curtailment of the power and liberty of other branches of the government, are exactly suited to the temper and tastes of the Federalists in his train. John Adams' alien and sedition law was not a Federalist compromise with that portion of the old Federalists in league with Van Buren. 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